

different ideas. He did not think of the diocesan college, did not think of the home mission at all. Had he been offered a free horse, or the wherewithal for a course at Maynooth, it would have made no difference to him, because his heart had been set since childhood on working among the heathens, and it was to a missionary college he had sought and gained admission.

The commercial instinct which was overwhelming in William Lennon prompted him to think it folly for anyone who might inherit not only a farm but some of not all of his own comfortable fortune, to become a priest. As for being a missionary, words failed him—luckily perhaps—when he tried to express his feelings on the subject. And what he saw of his nephew during the last few days of his visit made him regret more and more what he had called the folly of such a proceeding.

With his brother and sister-in-law he had expostulated in vain, and finally he turned to the young student himself. They were walking together along the gray road that runs for miles between the mountains and the sea, and he began by referring to his own approaching departure.

"And you," he said, "what are your plans?" "Mine?" replied the young man. "Oh, I have a full fortnight yet before returning to St. Peter's."

"Then you are going back to college?"

"Of course I am. Why I hope to be ordained in less than three years' time."

"And—and you're sure you like it?" the question was awkwardly put.

"Like it!" The answer was clear on the student's face, but his uncle would not take the assurance it gave.

"Look here, John," he said, laying his hand on his companion's arm. "I suppose your father was afraid to tell you, when I only hinted at my intentions to him. I told him I disapproved of what you want to do and I said I might—might, mind you—help to push you on in other business. But now I tell you plainly if you'll give up this notion of yours, I'll start you in the hardware line, and if you don't step into my shoes when they're empty. I swear I'll leave you what'll start a shop of your own. That's a better offer than most of your friends can boast straight made, and straight kept. Say now what do you think of it?"

"I think, Uncle William, that it's most awfully good of you, but you see," with a smile, "I'm already started on a line of my own."

"Nonsense! I'm talking straight. What's your line? Going to be worked to death in a foreign country. Even if it had been at home I'd have seen some sense in it. You'd earn a good living if you like that kind of work. But a missionary! Don't be a fool, and I think over my offer while you are still free to choose."

"A fool!" thought the would-be missionary. "And what is more blessed than a fool—for Christ's sake." Aloud, however, his answer referred to his uncle's previous statement.

"And if I did take your most kind offer, Uncle William?" he said, "I'd be apprenticed to the hardware business, you say, and perhaps that would lead, some day, to my having a shop of my own. Well, if I did, what then?"

"Then?" repeated the man of business, not quite following his nephew's drift. "Oh, then you could get married."

"And then?"

"Then you'd have children, I suppose." The answer came testily now.

"Who in their turn would be apprenticed to the hardware," concluded John.

"Uncle William was now completely at sea.

"Well, and why not? It's a clean, honest trade. Of course if you prefer some other line—grocer or victualler—or wish your education I might manage the civil service, if you despise trade."

"My dear uncle! despite it! I should not dream of despoiling any honest man of his earning a living, only you don't quite take my point of view. You see, making money is not the end I have before me."

"What is it then?" asked his uncle contemptuously.

"Saving my soul," replied the young man flushing, for it is not the nature of young men, even if they are clerical students, to speak much of such things. "And," he added almost in a whisper, "the souls of others, for Christ's sake."

His uncle's comment on this was short, one word only; it may and probably did relieve his feelings but nothing that he could have said would have been further from the point, or more inappropriate.

Next morning William Lennon walked for the last time down the road he had trodden the previous night with his nephew. He was going to the station, and his brother was now his companion.

"He's an obstinate chap, that son of yours," he said, almost spitefully. "Wouldn't listen to a word against this wild plan of his, not though I as good as promised to make my business over to him when I die."

"Well, well," said Patrick, anxious for peace, "that's a long time off, please God; too long to think or talk about it yet."

"You're nearly as big a fool yourself," retorted the man of business angrily. "Why, I'm worth more money this minute than you've ever seen or thought of in all your born days, and yet you do nothing to put that headstrong lad of yours in the

way of earning or anyhow of getting as much or more again."

Patrick Lennon, accustomed to the wide spaces of bay and mountain, was slow of speech and thought and to his brother's argument he could think of no reply, not, indeed, that he tried very hard to do so. He knew that John was right and that really settled the matter; only he could not argue over it. Indeed, had he been obliged to make known his thoughts during his brother's short harangue they would have been found to concern the pleasure afforded by such tobacco as that with which his companion had lavishly supplied him rather than any question as to whether or no his son should be a priest. That was settled and done for long ago, he thanked God.

But William, in spite of this rabuff of silence, had one last cut to give upon the subject.

"Well, anyhow, as he'll never do much for you," he said, "you and your family."

Then his brother slowly removed his pipe from his mouth and his eyes rested far, far out to sea, towards the infinite space which every dweller on Ireland's western coast connects consciously or unconsciously with the infinity of the world to come.

"I don't know that," he said slowly. "We're mighty obliged to you for what you're willing to do for John, but I don't know but having a priest in the family, even one that goes out to be eaten by the heathens, I don't know, after, but that it won't do more than you'd think for us that stop at home."

And so the brothers parted, each one holding to his own point of view. They could not understand each other completely, for one looked straight before him on the earth while the view of the other and that of his son was directed heavenward.

—Alice Hesse in the *Magnificat*.

GENERAL JUDGMENT

Having proven from reason founded on the justice of God, and the tradition of mankind back to the root of the human family, including pagans, also from the Scriptures, both the Old and New Testament, that judgment follows death, and that man's fate is decided according to his good or evil works, and that the sentence pronounced by an infinitely just Judge is irrevocable, we now proceed farther and show that Reason demands that God owes to Himself, Christ and mankind that general judgment be held at the end of the world.

There are many things occurring upon earth which, in our short-sightedness we cannot comprehend nor reconcile with God's wisdom, justice and goodness; for example, the present war, the greatest in the history of the world, where millions of immortal souls have been slaughtered like dumb beasts to satisfy and gratify the jealousy, ambition and lust for power and extension of territory of a few. How spare the wicked in their career of crime and allow them to prosper and live a long life of wickedness, while the virtuous suffer? Truly, if the day that will solve these and a thousand other riddles never comes, the wisdom, justice and goodness of God must always remain for us an unsolvable enigma.

But that day shall come. It is the day of general judgment. On that day these things that we cannot now comprehend will be made manifest. We shall see that in all events the greatest as well as the smallest, the wise and just Providence of God was ruling and ordaining all that everything should be so and not otherwise; and that all evils, even the greatest sins and crimes of men, worked for the good of the elect. On the last day God will not only call men to an account, as it were, of Himself, and of everything which He ordained and permitted from the beginning of the world. Then heaven and earth and hell will be bound to confess that the wisdom of God reaches from end to end mightily, and ordaineth all things sweetly.

Again, God owes this general judgment to His divine Son, Jesus Christ, who is the true Son of God, to Him is due the same honor as to God, the Father. All creatures in heaven, upon earth, and under the earth ought to show Him the most profound veneration and adoration. But has it been done and is it done? No. "He came into His own and His own received Him not." You know how His enemies treated Him in the days of His sojourn upon the earth. They did not believe in Him; they hated and persecuted Him; they reviled, mocked and calumniated Him, and at last nailed Him to the cross. Afterward the world became Christian, but how many remained enemies of Christ and persevered in unbelief? Who can count the millions of unbelievers who, at this very day, trample the Cross of Christ under their feet and crucify Him again in His followers? How many Christians have become heathens again, yes, worse than heathens ever were, for they learned to profane and desecrate that which is holy and sacred in faith and religion. They do not believe in Christ. They deny His divinity and revile Him as an impostor. They hate Him so intensely that if He yet walked visibly on earth they would crucify Him, as formerly did His enemies; hence their hatred against Christianity and especially against those who try to serve Him.

Shall it always be so? Shall our divine Saviour never receive the homage due to Him as God Man? Will the time never come when the Father shall glorify the Son? Yes, it will come on the day of general judgment. Then Jesus Christ shall appear, not as a weak Child, meek and humble as before, but as God, arrayed in power and majesty, in all the rigors of justice; He shall appear, not in the form of a servant, but in the splendor of His divine dignity. Infidels and Pagans, the just and the unjust, angels and devils, worshippers and scoffers alike shall then confess with Peter; "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." What terror, anguish and despair for sinners and unbelievers when they shall thus see Him whom they now revile and blaspheme! Yes, the general judgment day shall be one of perfect triumph for Jesus Christ. The Father and the Holy Spirit, the elect and the reprobate shall pay Him homage, the one full of joy and beatitude, the other full of anguish and despair. Yes, the great day of the last judgment must come, that God may glorify His Son.

Lastly, reason tells us that God owes the general judgment to Men. The pious frequently share in this world the lot of their Divine Lord. They are frequently despised, persecuted and abused. Consider the treatment of the apostles, the martyrs and of faithful Christians in our time. They themselves wish not to be anything in this world, they are humble, and seek to practice virtue in secret. How many austere, exterior and interior, do not these impose upon themselves; how many good works do they not perform of which the world hears nothing?

The wicked, on the contrary, are highly esteemed; they are decorated with badges of honor, monuments are erected to them, some are almost deified. Many of them understand skillfully how to hide their wickedness, to cover their pernicious plans, intrigues, and crimes, with the mantle of virtue, carrying with them to the grave, the name of honest man, though in reality they are full of rottenness, whitened sepulchres of iniquity.

Is virtue to be forever suppressed? Is it to be hidden ever more? Is the vice to be ever in honor? It cannot be. Is the "abomination of desolation," spoken of by the Prophet Daniel, to stand forever in the Holy Place? Is it compatible with the holiness and justice of God? Impossible. God owes to sinners as well as to the just, to show them to the whole world in their true light, such as they really are. This will be done in the general judgment day. Everything shall be made manifest. There is nothing hid that shall not be revealed, nor secret that shall not be known. The whole world shall see what everyone thought and desired during life; what he said and did; all things, even the most secret thoughts and actions, with all their circumstances, shall be brought to light. What joy, what consolation, what glory for the good! What despair, confusion and terror for the wicked! But all will cry out—the elect and the reprobate, O Lord! It is just, for so much is due to Thy friends and servants, so much to sinners, Thy enemies.

The belief in a general judgment then rests upon a solid basis. Jews, Christians and Pagans give testimony to the important truth. God Himself, the Eternal Truth, has revealed it to men, and has written it in His heart, so deeply that it has never been obliterated. A general judgment must take place for God, in a certain sense, owes it to Himself, to justify His conduct and His wisdom before the whole world; He owes it to His Son, that He may receive the honor and glory due to Him. He owes it to men, the good and the bad, that all may publicly receive what they deserve. Let us not only believe in a general judgment, but live in such a manner that we may look forward to it with holy joy, expecting our place among the elect, through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Lord.—Intermonnain Catholic.

IS AIM OF SANCTITY EMASCULATION?

"When a man would do good, evil starts out and hampers him," said the Rev. B. W. Maturin in his last sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. "There are two schools that will meet him with their method of combat. One will tell him, 'Destroy the evil.' He will say, 'I'm a mixture of religion and sensuality.' 'Well,' says your friend, 'kill out the evil, conquer your bad temper, destroy your sensuality and never stop till the evil is crushed beneath your feet. Then you are a man.'"

"But the man says: 'I have tried and struggled, yet the beast is only caged. At the end of six months the demon of intemperance arose, and it would have been better if I had never been driven. And it is the same with the beast of sensuality.' Then the young man says: 'God made me with all the evil and good in me. Is the sublime height I am to reach an emasculation of personality? You tell me to annihilate my temper, my affections. I don't want to do it.'"

"He is quite right. No man can ever do best for himself by killing the evil in him. You can not kill that temper without being weaker. 'If that is to be a saint, I don't want to be a saint,' he says. 'Is that the best thing—a man without strength?' he asks.

"My ideal of the true Christian man is one who has all in him that God gave him. If you will analyze yourself you will find there is not a thing in you that is evil. In my soul is no evil. 'What!' says the young man. 'God! I say I don't know me!'"

"There is not a power in you that is evil. You have misused it! Take anger. Anger is a sword that God put in our hands to fight the battle of life and to smite evil. But I draw the sword to defend myself. That's not the end of anger. When I abuse anger it becomes a vice. People talk as if they had two sets of qualities, one evil, the other good. Nothing of the sort. All is good. The thing on the Cross stole the kingdom of God and became a saint."

"A good many people have an idea that sin is some fermentation in their nature. Nothing of the sort. It's the absence of the Holy Ghost. So as Augustine did—bring that mighty mind into the service of Almighty God. There is an idea that as soon as a person becomes a Catholic he ceases to be interesting and becomes a saint. What makes you admire the bad man? He's so masculine! But it's an entirely false estimate of masculinity. Tell me if the Magdalen was more interesting before she was converted, or Augusted, or Paul? These understand that religion is a positive thing, and that no man ever became a servant of Jesus Christ who tried to emasculate himself."—New World.

FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS

One far-away morning in 1669 a rather tired and ragged young man limped through the gates of the Hospital of S. Giacomo with a sore leg. The doctors dressed it, and the surly attendants of the place gave him a bed and something to eat. The young man shortly after secured a job among them and showed himself to be quite worthy of it according to the standard of time and place. He had frequent rows with his colleagues, he spent a good deal of his time and wages in gambling, he neglected the patients, and at last he was hounded out of the place for neglect of duty.

After that for five or six years he led a very chequered career, fighting against the Turks, fighting an occasional duel, almost getting shipwrecked, and gambling as usual. Arriving in Naples at the close of the war he lost at cards all the money he had left, and after that he staked and lost his sword, his arquebus, his powder horn, his cloak, and all the clothes he could take off without being naked, and then he became a Capuchin. But the sore leg began to trouble him again, and once more he turned up limping at the gates of S. Giacomo, and secured another job there. Now, however, a new spirit began to animate him. He realized the misery and the helplessness of the sick, the disorder and imperfection of the hospital service, the carelessness and the want of heart of the mercenaries who were sent to attend to the sick, and he began to think of the example of his hospital nurses should treat their patients, instructing, encouraging, rebuking them, but at last coming to the conclusion that the only way to look after the sick was to take them out of the hands of the mercenaries and entrust them to the care of men who would serve them for the love of God. And this is how Camillo de Lellis founded his Congregation of Ministers of the Sick in the neighboring church of Santa Maria dei Miracoli.

A former gambler and swash-buckler seemed hardly the man for such a task, but he did manage to get a few of the attendants of S. Giacomo to join him. The directors of the hospital did not like the thing at all; Camillo was evidently a crank, a revolutionary, probably he was trying to oust the mercenaries and get entire control of the place. A few years before he had been turned out for doing too little, now he was threatened with dismissal for doing too much, in fact he had, the Directors and other excellent people thought, quite missed the golden mean. But he kept right on, enrolling new members in his little band and putting on their breasts the Red Cross, by which today you may still recognize the Ministers of the Sick and also, curiously enough, that great international lay army of men and women who nurse the wounded in battle. He not only enrolled them, but instructed them, inflamed them with his own spirit, taught them to see in each of their patients the very person of Christ, and while attending to the sick he also found time to study theology and prepare himself for the priesthood.

In 1585 his community had become too large for the house attached to S. Maria dei Miracoli, the other Camillo moved with it to the convent and church of the Maddalena. Here he was only a few minutes walk from two of his best friends: one of them a Spanish priest named Philip Neri, called Ignacius Loyola, the other a Florentine priest named Philip Neri.

You can see the three of them today in their glorious niches in St. Peter's Basilica, and a score of other great saints who have enriched the Church and mankind with Religious Orders and Congregations. From the Maddalena the Ministers of the Sick began to go out to all the hospitals of Italy, restoring order, discipline, charity everywhere under the guidance of Camillo who visited them and kept in constant touch with them wherever they went. His work was soon to be tried. Three years after he took up his abode at the Maddalena, Rome was visited by a frightful epidemic—the hospitals were insufficient, the

LIVING BEYOND MEANS

WIDESPREAD EVIL OF OUR TIMES, PRELATE SAYS

One of the dominant weaknesses—if not vices—of the time, to live beyond our means—to spend more than we earn—with the inevitable result that someone else suffers. It may be the grocery man, or the house-owner, or the too confiding friend. But whoever it be, the spendthrift is quite indifferent to the injustice done; he seeks new victims.

Some there are again, who have the money to meet their obligations, but are by nature so obligant, and miserly they put off payment till they can not help it—to delay paying a just debt is itself an injustice.

I could not account for the various forms of injustice that obtain. They range all the way from the plain stealing by midnight of the ordinary thief, up to the blue sky flotation of watered stock. They are as varied as human ingenuity can devise—some brilliant, some brutal, but all of them quite new to the days and times in which we live. And over against them all stands in admonition, yes, in severest threat, the august figure of God, essentially just, proclaiming justice as a necessary virtue; declaring that the unjust shall never enter His Kingdom—that they shall "not go hence until they pay the last farthing."

I may elaborate on some of the modern popular forms of injustice—I have already referred to them. Young people do many of them at least—are living beyond their means. It appears to matter little what salary they get. They invariably want to spend a little more. They see others dress so and appear so grand that they think they have a right to do likewise. The other may be disporting, too, on borrowed money, but that far from being a deterrent only becomes an additional reason that they may go and do likewise.

And thus the merry race goes on—a race of debtors going by the way of injustice to inevitable undoing, and I would advise young people, and especially young married people, first, to live within their means; secondly, to save and put aside a small part, at least, of their revenues monthly.

I have referred to "watered stocks" as a form of injustice, and I am convinced that such is, at least, when such stocks are placed on the market for purchase by innocent and invariably foolish purchasers. I think that clause of the government pure food law which compels sellers of foodstuffs to print on the outside of the package the amount of the adulteration, the existence of any foreign substance, and the real name of the article sold, should be made to apply to these "watered stocks," so that the public may know by the printed slip outside just how much water they are purchasing, and how much there is of real value.

In other words, a government auditorship should be exercised on all such goods which the public is asked to invest in.

A grave question before the public mind for some time is how far the evils resulting from the system of issuing such paper can be remedied by legislation, and how present day legislation can be made retroactive, whether justice can be done without out injustices. I do not care to discuss this rather intricate question. I am speaking for safeguards for the future, a safeguarding that an aroused public to day very justly demands.

The Bible tells us to owe nothing except our love to another. This second clause reminds me of a phrase rather recently coined, which, in the minds of many, furnishes an all sufficient gospel for the modern world. It contains for them their whole law and the prophets, and its promotion is with them a passion. It is called "social justice."

people were dying by thousands in their homes, for three years in succession the still more awful by famine. During all this time Camillo and his Ministers were indefatigable. They nursed the sick in the hospitals and the houses, they begged for them clothing, medicine, shelter, they performed miracles of charity and abnegation, and when the worst was over here the Holy Founder joined his spiritual sons in Milan, Turin, Nola, in every place tried by pestilence and famine, in a continual pilgrimage of zeal, until, three hun-

dred years ago Wednesday, July 15, he died in his little room in the convent of the Maddalena. He was canonized by Pope Benedict XIV, and his Congregation to-day is divided into six Provinces, three of which are in Italy. The members of the French Province have been driven out of France within the last few years.—Rome.

Between the great things that we cannot do, and the small things which we consider not worth doing there is a great danger that we shall do nothing.

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